

New York March 5. 48

2
My dear Horace.

The hand-writing of your letter is so miserable, that I am not sure I have made it out. If I have it seems to me you are the same old sixpence you used to be, rather rusty, but a genuine piece.

I see nothing for you in this earth but that field which I once christened "Briars"; go out upon that, build yourself a hut, & there begin the grand process of devouring yourself alive. I see no alternative, no other hope for you. Eat yourself up; you will eat nobody else, nor anything else.

Concord is just as good a place as any other; there are indeed, more people in the streets of that village, than in the streets of this. This is a singularly muddy town; muddy, dirty, & silent.

They tell us, it is March; it has been all March in this place, since I came. It is much warmer now, than it was last November, foggy, rainy, & peevish weather indeed.

In your care,
I have not done a great deal since I arrived here; I do not mean the Pencil line, but the Staten Island line, leaving here there once, to walk on a beach by the Telegraphy, but did not visit the scene of your dominical duties. Staten Island is very distant from No. 30 Corn St.

I saw polite William Emerson in November last,
but have not caught him any glimpse of him since then.
I am as usual suffering the various alternations
from agony to despair, from hope to fear, from painful
pleasure. Such wretched one-sided productions
anywhere, knowing nothing of the universal man; you may
think yourself well off.

That baker, — Ticker, who used to live on
two crackers a day, I have not seen, nor Black, nor
Vattieh, nor Davesay nor Rynders, or any of Emerson's
old cronies, excepting James, a little fat, rosy
Swedenborgian amateur, with the look of a brother, of the
brain & heart of a Pascal. — W^m Channing free
nothing of him; he is the duplex good feelings. I have
all-too-many of these now.

I have dear something of your friends, Waldo,
and Tappan, I have also seen our good man "McLean",
the keeper of that stupid place the "Mercantile Library".
I have been able to find there no book which I should
like to read.

Respecting the country about this city, there is
a walk at Brooklyn rather pleasing, to ascend up onto
high ground, look at the distant Ocean. This, is a very
agreeable sight. I have been four miles, up the island
in addition, where I saw, the bay, it looked very well,
and appeared to be in good spirits.

I should be pleased to hear from Van Ratscha occasionally; my last advices from the Polar Bear are getting stale. In addition to this, I find that my Corresponding members at Van Diemen's Land, have wandered into limbo. I acknowledge that I have not lately corresponded very much with that section.

I hear occasionally from the World; everything seems to be promising in that quarter, business is flourishing, & the people are in good spirits. I feel convinced that the Earth has less claims to our regard, than formerly; these wild wastes deserve a reverence. But I am well aware that the Earth will talk about the necessity of routine, taxes, &c. On the whole, it is best not to complain without necessity.

Mumbo-Jumbo is recovering from his attack of sore eyes, & will soon be out, in a pair of canvas trousers, scarlet jacket, & cocked hat. I understand he intends to demolish all the remaining species of Bettissima at a meal; I think it improbable he will vomit him. I am sorry to say, that Poly-Poly has received intelligence of the death of his only daughter, Maria; this will be a terrible wound to his paternal breast.

I saw Lepelsock a few days since; he is wretchedly poor, has an attack of the colic, & expects to get better immediately. He said a few words to me, about you. Says he, that fellow Korean might be something, if he could only take a journey through the Everlasting No, thence for the North Pole.

"By God", said the old Cloister-lay "was rising up", I would like to take that fellow out into the Everlasting gloo, & explode him like a bomb-shell; he would make a loud report. He needs the Blazing flower banner; that would be his salvation. He is too dry, too composed, too drollly, too concrete. I want to get him into my fingers. It would be fun to see him pick himself up." I "camped" the old fellow in a majestic style.

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Does that execrable compound of Savdust & Glorification, Uncle still prove about nothing, & that nothing greater than Hosmer yet shrieks about nothing, - does anybody still think, coming to Concord & like, I mean new people? If they do, let them beware of your philosophers.

Every day dear Heaven

RBL

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